Once Upon A Time There Was An Ocean

Paul Simon

Once upon a time there was an ocean. But now it's a mountain range. Something unstoppable set into motion. Nothing is different, but everthing's changed.
It's a dead end job, and you get tired of sittin'. And it's a like a nicotine habit you're always thinking about quittin'. I think about quittin' every day of the week. When I look out my window it's brown and it's bleak. Outta here. How am I gonna get outta here? I'm thinking outta here. When am I gonna get outta here? And when will I cash in my lottery ticket, and bury my past with my burdens and strife? I want to shake every limb in the garden of Eden, and make every lover the love of my life.
I figure that once upon a time I was an ocean. But now I'm a mountain range. Somthing unstoppable set into motion. Nothing is different, but everything's changed.
Found a room in the heart of the city, down by the bridge. Hot plate and TV and beer in the fridge. But I'm easy, I'm open-that's my gift. I can flow with the traffic, I can drift with the drift. Home again? Naw, never going home again. Think about home again? I never think about home.

But then comes a letter from home, the handwriting's fragile and strange. Something unstoppable set into motion. Nothing is different, but everthing's changed.
The light through the stained glass was cobalt and red. And the frayed cuffs and collars were mended by haloes of golden thread. The choir sang, "Once Upon A TIme There Was An Ocean." And all the old hymns and family names came fluttering down as leaves of emotion.
As nothing is different, but everthing's changed.

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